

Break the Bubble by Anonymous

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Summary:

Nancy gets Steve nice and pretty so that Jonathan can mess it all up.

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Author's Note:

originally posted as part of a kink prompts post, but moved here for clarity.

"You look so pretty, baby."

Nancy's words wash over him where she's perched on his lap. Steve has his eyes closed against the bright lighting of his guest bathroom, but he knows her well enough to see the expression on her face anyway; playful, but just a little bit mocking because she knows he likes it. His fingers twitch involuntarily on her thighs, and he can't help his breath coming a little quicker, but otherwise he manages to keep himself in check. Nancy wanted him quiet and still while she worked, but she also likes pushing his buttons, so he's not surprised when she wriggles down on his hard cock before continuing.

"You like being pretty, don't you? Getting all tarted up for us, reminding us what a good whore you are." His cock twitches at her words, and he knows she can feel it from the way her thighs tighten on either side of his. Christ, his legs are so sensitive now, all the hair gone. He can understand why Nancy likes them touching her thighs so much if it feels like this for her. She offered to wax him this time, and he'd been scared and said no, but, fuck, next time, he'll let her. Let her wax him, and lather him up in lotion and everything else he did on his own this time because of nerves.

She rakes her hands through his hair, disrupting his train of thought and focusing all the attention back on her.

"Almost done, sweetheart. And then we'll go show you off to Jonathan, won't we? I hope he's got his camera ready, you deserve to have so many pictures taken of you right now." She swipes something tacky and heavy across his lips, one hand gripping his chin just on the edge of too tight to hold him in place.

"We'd have to be careful developing them, though. Could you just imagine someone finding them at school? Passing them around so

everyone could see what a little slut you are, how you'd put out for anyone," Nancy muses, and Steve's hands clench on her thighs. It's breaking her rules, but he needs her to know that he *wouldn't*, that this is all just for them, that he only wants the two of them. She noses along his jaw with an apologetic hum, and he relaxes incrementally. "Except we'd know the truth, wouldn't we? You're a greedy little whore, but just for us, isn't that right?"

She slides a hand into his hair and yanks, tipping his head back over the top of the chair they'd brought in from the dining room. He keeps his eyes shut, even though she probably wouldn't catch him peeking in the mirror. She told him not to, and he'd do anything to please her right now. Even being her living, breathing Ken doll. She bites at his throat, adding another dark bruise to the necklace of them he knows he already has.

He whimpers when she climbs off his lap, cracking his eyes open to adjust to the lighting. He's cold now, without her pressed against him, and he feels his nipples harden as he shivers a bit. Nancy tweaks at one of them as she moves around the bathroom, perfunctorily cleaning everything up. He drinks in the sight of her, in just one of Jonathan's sweaters and her soaked panties, messy hair and flushed skin.

"I've got one last thing before we head out," she says, and presents him with a little soft, tissue-paper wrapped package. He swallows, because he can already guess what it is, and his suspicions are confirmed when he rips open the packaging to reveal the sleek fabric underneath. Panties; soft, maroon silk, edged with lace and finished off with little fucking bows on the hips.

"Oh," he breathes, and looks up at her. Her gaze is searching, and he watches her mouth changed from it's concerned set to the self-satisfied smile she gets when she ends up being right about something. She helps him stand, sliding his briefs down his legs for him. His cock springs up and slaps against his stomach in an embarrassing way, precum dribbling down over his freshly shaved happy trail.

"I wanted to get you all the accessories too, but we weren't sure if you could handle that yet," she explains, helping him step into the panties

and tucking his dick into them once they're settled on his hips.

"So I bought them for myself instead," she continues, and he groans at the image. Most of the time, he loves her just like this, messy and flawed and real, but the idea of her all done up in lingerie? It's incredibly tempting.

She turns him around so he can finally see himself, and fuck, it's weird. Whatever she's put on his face has made his eyes look dark and heavy, and the gloss on his lips makes his mouth look overly pouty and wet. A quick taste-test confirms that it's the same stuff she uses occasionally, and he shudders a little. She's left his hair to curl softly over his forehead, product free, and he just- he does look pretty.

His cock's pressing obscenely against the front of the panties, his panties, and isn't that a strange thought. He's not sure how he feels about the whole thing yet, not sure if this is actually turning him on, or if it's just seeing Nancy so wound up about it, but it's not bad, really.

"God, I wish you could go down on me without messing it all up," Nancy whines from behind him, and in the mirror he watches her press her legs together, and shit, she's so wet he can see it down her inner thighs.

"Isn't that the point?" he asks, and winces when his voice cracks a little. He's just so off balance with this whole thing.

"Oh, baby. It's not about just messing you up," she steps closer, wraps her arms around him softly, and leans in so her next words are practically purred right in his ear. "It's about *wreaking* you."

Jonathan's got four fingers roughly fucking into him before Steve really understands what Nancy means. The stretch burns a little, taking so much so fast, but Jonathan just keeps his rhythm hard and steady, like he doesn't care about Steve at all really. Jonathan didn't even bother taking the panties off, just shoved them harshly to the side in a way that makes them constrict Steve dick, and it's so much better than it should be. He's already come once, and the silk is

starting to get sticky as Jonathan keeps at it. His face flushes when he thinks about it, about Nancy laughing at him for coming before anyone even touched his dick, calling him easy and desperate. He feels wrecked already, oversensitive from coming and hurtling towards another orgasm even if Jonathan hasn't fucked him yet.

Nancy's sitting just out of reach, so he can't lean on her, instead forced to keep up on his hands and knees for Jonathan on his own power. She has Jonathan's camera, and every once in a while, he hears the soft click of the shutter as she lines up another shot. He wonders what he looks like now, knows the lip gloss is smeared across his jaw from Jonathan kissing him, knows he must be sweating the make-up off at least a little.

A particularly hard thrust combined with Jonathan's finger rubbing over his prostate makes Steve's elbows go out, catching himself on his forearms before he gets make-up smeared across the white sheets. They picked the guest room of Steve's house for this because of the all white bedding; Jonathan wanted it for the look, and Nancy liked it because it would force him to be careful about getting it too dirty. Part of him thinks it's really because she wants to see him mess up, get eyeshadow and sticky gloss on the pristine sheets. Sometimes he thinks she likes it when he can't do what she wants more than when he can.

Jonathan slides his fingers in to the knuckle, teasing over Steve's stretched rim with his thumb. The lace presses down against his skin when Jonathan purposely moves it against his hole, a sensation that makes him shudder and his dick twitch in a valiant effort. For a moment, Steve thinks he's going to slide his thumb in with the rest of his fingers, and he can't tell if that's exhilarating or terrifying, but Jonathan just pulls his fingers out, ignoring Steve's whine at the sudden emptiness. There's so much lube, it feels like it's bubbling out of him, dripping down onto the sheets below him.

"Turn over," Jonathan grunts, and Steve moves as quickly as he can to comply. The panties don't slide back into place the way they should, some of the seams ripped from being pulled too harshly, and he knows he's spilling out of them, can feel the waistband of them digging in under the head of his dick. Jonathan kneels above him, still in his jeans and boxers, and Steve feels Jonathan wipe his hand

off on his stomach, leaving streaks of lube behind, before reaching over to grab the camera from Nancy

"Fuck, Steve, I wish you could see yourself like this," Jonathan says, breathless, and the shutter clicks more times than Steve thinks is probably necessary. The camera gets handed back off to Nancy, and Jonathan runs his hands up Steve's thighs with something like reverence. He shucks off his jeans and boxers quickly, settling back between Steve's legs and pushing one knee up to his chest. Steve hears more seams tear as Jonathan bunches the fabric of the panties in one hand and yanks them to the side so he can spread Steve open. He slides home in one smooth glide, pressing in until his hips are flush with Steve's.

Steve expect a moment to adjust, because he's stretched from Jonathan's fingers but his cock goes a lot further than they did, but there isn't one. Jonathan just starts up a rhythm immediately, and each thrust feels like it's punching his breath out of him. He grips his hands in the sheets because he doesn't know what else to do to try and ground himself, but the moment Jonathan shifts the angle and hits his prostate, he lets go. He's so on edge that it only takes a few more thrust for him to come again, spurting up on his chest weakly.

"There we go, baby, there we are," Nancy coos, camera set aside she so can thumb over his cheek. Steve realizes abruptly that tears are leaking out of his eyes, each breath more like a sob than anything. She pets at his cheeks a little more before sliding her hand down his chest and wrapping his fingers delicately around his cock, slick with his own come. He shakes his head in protest, because it's too much too soon, but she just tsks at him reproachfully.

"We were so nice, letting you come whenever you wanted, and now you want to be selfish with us? Good boys don't do that, do they?" He chokes out another sob, because he wants to be good for them, but he's not sure if he can. Jonathan's still pounding away at him, and Steve thinks he might pass out if things get more intense. Nancy's pressing her nail into his slit before he can make up his mind, and it burns all the way through him. He can vaguely feel Jonathan coming inside him, but it's like his whole word is condensed down into Nancy's hand on him.

"Can't," he forces out, feeling a little dribble of cum leak back out of his hole and Jonathan moves to sit up next to him, one hand stroking over his stomach as it jumps and heaves.

"You can, sweetheart, I know you can. You're so good for us," Jonathan says encouragingly, and Steve blearily watches him locate and grab the discarded camera. Of all things, it's the knowledge that Jonathan wants to document this, wants to use the camera that Steve and Nancy bought for him to remember Steve messy and wet like this, that does Steve in. His orgasm feels like it's being ripped out of him, and he definitely whites out a bit, eyes rolling back in his head at the sheer intensity of it.

He's still crying when he comes back, tears running down his face almost non-stop. Nancy's petting at his side, murmuring soft praises and raining kisses down on his shoulder. Her breathing's heavy but slow, the way it always is after an orgasm, and he realizes with a little jolt that she was touching herself while touching him. He reaches blindly for her hand, too wiped to lift his head up, and sighs a little when she obliges by bringing her fingers up for him to lick and suck at. There's no way he's getting hard again anytime soon, but his dick makes a focus effort at it anyway. Fuck, he just loves the way she tastes.

"Insatiable," Jonathan teases, and Steve hadn't realized he'd left until he's resettling on the bed and gently cleaning Steve off with a damp washcloth. He passes Nancy a separate one, and she works at the make-up and tears smeared across his face. Jonathan slides the panties off Steve, and makes a distressed little noise at the state of them.

"Shit, these were so expensive," he worries, and Steve bats at him. Steve can buy his own pair next time, buy multiple pairs so Jonathan can tear them to shreds if it means he gets to feel like this after.

"Stress later, cuddle now," Steve demands, and both Nancy and Jonathan laugh at him before curling into his sides.

"We need to remember to get rid of that film before someone finds it," Nancy pipes up sleepily after a while, and Steve shakes his head slowly.

"Fuck no, I wanna how pretty I am," he rasps, and shuts his eyes to take a nap as both his partners chuckle on either side of him.